THOMAS COUNTY CAT.

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COLBY, - - - - - - - KANSAS.

ON AN OLD SONG.

Little snatch of ancient song,
What has made thee live so long?
Flying on thy wings of rhyme
ghtly down the depths of time,
elling nothing strange or rare,
Scarce a thought or image there,
Nothing but the old, old tale
Of a hapless lover's wail;
Offspring of some idle hour,
Whence has come thy lasting power?
By what turn of rhythm or phrase,
By what subtle, careless grace
Can thy music charm our ears
After full three hundred years?

Little song, since thou wert born
In the reformation morn,
How much great has past away,
Shattered or by slow decay!
Stately piles in ruins crumbled,
Lordly houses lost or humbled,
Thrones and realms in darkness hurled,
Noble flags forever furled,
Wisest schemes by statesmen spun,
Time has seen them one by one
Like the leaves of autumn fall—
A little song outlives them all.

There were mighty scholars then
With the slow, laborious pen
Piling up their works of learning,
Men of solid, deep discerning,
Widely famous as they taught
Systems of connected thought
Destined for all future ages;
Now the cobweb binds their pages,
All unread their volumes lie
Moldering so peaceably,
Coffined thoughts of coffined men,
Never more to stir again
In the passion and the strife,
In the fleeting forms of life;
All their force and meaning gone
As the stream of thought flows on.

Art thou weary, little song,
Flying through the world so long?
Canst thou on thy fairy pinions
Cleave the future's dark dominions?
And with music soft and clear
Charm the yet unfashioned ear,
Mingling with the things unborn
When perchance another morn
Great as that which gave thee birth
Dawns upon the changing earth?
It may be so, for all around
With a heavy crashing sound,
Like the ice of polar seas
Melting in the summer breeze,
Signs of change are gathering fast,
Nations breaking with their past.

The pulse of thought is beating quicker,
The lamp of fate begins to flicker,
The ancient reverence decays
With forms and types of other days;
And old beliefs grow faint and few
As knowledge molds the world anew,
And scatters far and wide the seeds
Of other hopes and other creeds;
And all in vain we seek to trace
The fortunes of the coming race,
Some with fear and some with hope,
None can cast its horoscope.
Vap'rous lamp or rising star,
Many a light is seen afar,
And dim, shapeless figures loom
All around us in the gloom—
Forces that may rise and reign
As the old ideals wane.

Landmarks of the human mind
One by one are left behind,
And a subtle change is wrought
In the mold and cast of thought;
Modes of reasoning pass away,
Types of beauty lose their sway.
Creeds and causes that have made
Many noble lives must fade;
And the words that thrilled of old
Now seem hopeless, dead and cold;
Fancy's rainbow tints are flying,
Thoughts, like men, are slowly dying;
All things perish, and the strongest
Often do not last the longest;
The stately ship is seen no more,
The fragile skiff attains the shore;
And while the great and wise decay,
And all their trophies pass away,
Some sudden thought, some careless rhyme,
Still floats above the wrecks of time.

—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

IN A BLIZZARD.

How "Fisherman" Tim's Truthfulness Was Vindicated.

"Yes, there's been lots of storms 'long about Christmas time late years," began "Fisherman" Tim; "and speakin' of 'em reminds me of one out in Dakota; le's see, it must be ten years ago this Christmas——"

"Ah, come now!" interposed "Skep" Thompson, so called from his consistent disbelief in everything, from "Fisherman" Tim's stories up to what the parson preached on Sunday; "come, now, if you *must* tell a story, Tim, draw it mild. The last fish story was 'most *too* big. Jest for once give us something reason'ble."

Tim had been relating an experience of his which had occurred while he had been sharking in the South Pacific. His pseudonym of "Fisherman" had been derived from his alleged adventures among the finny tribes of those distant waters, which adventures being of a kind entirely unfamiliar to the dwellers in the small Wisconsin town in which Tim was now residing, were considered by them to be largely the product of the "Fisherman's" imagination. Still, they were interesting, and even "Skep" Thompson, the very loudest to denounce their fictitious character, was sure to be around whenever Tim was known to be in a story-telling mood. Tim himself always protested that everything which he related was strictly true.

"Some day," he would remark, "you fellows will find out that you've been abusin' me. One of the South Sea Islanders or somebody else will happen along this way, and you'll feel pretty mean to think how you've gone for me and my yarns all these years."

But such speeches as these were considered as only a part of Tim's stock-in-trade, and as further exhibiting his skill in the art of lying.

On this particular night—a certain bitter cold Christmas Eve not many years ago—a little knot of men were assembled around the glowing stove in Titus Perrin's store. Titus Perrin's store was the main source of the creature comforts of the little village, and also the usual stamping-ground for the more reputable portion of the townspeople during the winter evenings. No liquor was sold there, and Titus Perrin's wife, a "smart," and not unrefined woman, who kept her husband's books with care and ability, was always sitting at her desk in the corner at such times, making the atmosphere of the place distinctly purer and more wholesome for her presence.

They had succeeded in "waking up" "Fisherman" Tim at an early hour of the evening. It was cold and stormy, as Tim had intimated: and as the rattling blasts shook the little store they had listened with eagerness—but with more incredulity than ever—to one of his familiar shark stories. Tim's picture of the warm Southern seas, in which men dove scores of feet, and leaped, and cut up all sorts of antics, was utterly incomprehensible in a Wisconsin winter, with the thermometer at ten degrees below zero. Even Mrs. Titus Perrin, the sole person who ever implicitly believed Tim, had had to admit that this particular story was a trifle "steep." She usually asserted, as increasing Tim's credibility, that he was one of those lucky people of whom it might be said, as of one of Mrs. Whitney's well-known characters, that "where he was, things happened," which was the reason why he always had so many strange adventures to tell. Even the expression of her doubt in this instance was tempered with charity.

"I think it *might* be true Tim," she had added. "You always pay your bills and keep your promises, and I always try to believe such men till they are proved false."

"Beats all what women will swaller!" laughed "Skep" Thompson.

Mrs. Titus Perrin's sister, Mrs. Hardaway, who had just arrived in town to pay her sister a visit, after many years' absence in the far West, had brought her sewing in from the living room behind the store to keep her sister company. Her son, a boy of sixteen or seventeen, who had attended her on her journey, was among the group of men around the stove. Mrs. Hardaway evidently did not agree with her sister, and she now took occassion to say so.

"*I* didn't believe it,' she remarked, coldly. "It's just as hard for some women to swallow lies as it is for some men."

They all laughed.

"Yes, I suppose so," said "Skep" Thompson. "But Tim here counts most too much on everybody's ability to swaller. You can talk, Tim—I'll own you're glib as if you'd been to college, and hang me if I don't rather enjoy hearin' you on the whole. But you mustn't expect us to *believe* you, that's all."

"All right," said "Fisherman" Tim, with imperturbable good nature. "I don't know as I can expect an ignoramus like you, Skep, to understand these yarns. It's like tellin' a blind man about colors, or those fellows down there where I used to be about ice. They never would believe that there could be such a thing. But, goodness knows, I don't want to talk any more. My tongue's downright tired."

"O, no!" said Titus Perrin, encouragingly; "you were going to say something about Dakota. That's a change. Maybe Skep could understand that. He's been to Dakota himself. Let's have it."

The men, after cracking a few more jokes at Tim's expense, gradually assumed a listening attitude, and that oracle proceeded.

"You see, Lem Schroeder—he was a Minnesota man I used to know—and I were up north, prospectin'. It was just after I came back from the tropics. I knew I was growin' old, and I didn't want to die down there, so I was comin' north to settle. Lem was a peddler, and he had a good team, so, as we peddled along the way, we hadn't been at much expense, and we'd had a pretty good time. It was late in September when we set out, and when it got into November, and pretty squally, we both thought we'd better be gettin' back to his place. Just then Lem took sick—hard sick, too.

"'Never mind,' says he. 'You take the cart and go off for a few days'—there was quite a lot of goods left—'and by the time you get back I'll be all right.'

"Well, there was a good farmer's wife up there promised to see to him, and I went off; but when I came back he wasn't any better, and the weeks went on, and still he didn't get well. The snow got deep, and I rather thought we'd better winter up there, but nothin' would do for Lem but he must go home; so, as soon as he got pretty strong again, we started. We'd planned it so that we could get from one place to another pretty comfortable every day, and if there was a storm we'd put up till it blew over.

"It was Christmas mornin' when we started, before light, and clear and cold as a piece of ice. The sun came out, though, after awhile, bright enough. The snow was deep, but it was packed hard, and we drove over the smooth prairie like mad. At noon we stopped for dinner at a farmer's named Perkins, but we didn' want to lose much time such a good day, so we were on the road again shortly after one.

"It was along about half-past two when, all of a sudden, Lem looked off at the sky behind us, and, says he, 'What in thunder is that black cloud?'—and, sure enough, right back of us was a big cloud; and yet not a cloud neither, a sort of a darkness, more like—you know how it looked if you've ever been in a regular blizzard—and it wasn't creepin', it was comin' along faster than any express train you ever saw. We whipped up as lively as we could, and Lem headed for a little house that we could just see way off on the sky-line. But the cloud was goin' about a hundred times as fast as we were, and it wasn't fifteen minutes before we knew it wasn't any use, our tearin' along so. So far as we saw, we had got to stand and take it the best way we could.

"It grew darker and darker around us, till it was all a kind of a twilight, but once in awhile this twilight would sorter lift like, and then we could see two or three clumps of trees there were in sight, and the little house off on the sky line, full six miles away, and they looked white, as if they were made of snow. I've heard since that that sort of thing is common in blizzards, but I didn't know it then, and we both thought it was mighty queer.

"There seemed to be a sort of gatherin' up of the air all the while. I couldn't think of anything only that there was a great giant close by us, puttin' all the air there was into a big bag so as to fling it out on us afterward in awful winds. What made it seem more like this was that it grew close, sorter suffocatin'-like, made it hard for us to breathe, and the whole thing made us feel afraid; just as I used to when I was a little shaver and they shut me up in the dark.

"I guess my face was as white as Lem's—and it couldn't have been much whiter, poor fellow!—when he turned round to me, and, says he, 'Tim,' says he, 'it's on us. We can't reach the house. I'm afraid we're gone.'

"Just then there was a gust came—a whirlin', blindin' sort of gust, full of snow, and Lem just caught hold of my hand and shook it. 'O, my God!' says he, 'we can't stand this! Good-bye, Tim; give 'em my love if you ever get home.' I didn't say anything like that; I was dazed-like, and, besides, I hadn't been sick, and I supposed I felt a little stronger."

"Gust number two struck us before we were fairly over the first one. The cart swayed and toppled, and we both jumped down and cut the horses loose, just as the cart fell over, and went to smash, and everything in it blew out of sight quicker'n a wink. The horses galloped off before the wind, snortin' and kickin', and I never saw 'em again.

"We sorter lay down on the snow and caught hold of each other, but the next whirl that came separated us, and poor Lem was gone, the first I knew. I suppose he was killed, for he has never been seen or heard of from that day. I don't know why I wasn't carried off the same way. I tell you that wind was something—well—awful. There isn't any word I know, though, that begins to express it."

"No," put in Mrs. Hardaway, at this point, as though she had spoken without meaning it, in her absorption in Tim's narrative. "No, it's worse than awful. I'be been there; I know how it is."

Tim's countenance lighted up, and a noticeable increase of respect for his story was indicated upon the face of his auditors. It seemed at least to be brought down to the level of probability by Mrs. Hardaway's impulsive words.

"Yes, it is worse than awful," went on Tim, after a moment, "and it had a coldness in it that seemed somehow to take the heart right out of me. Maybe some of you have felt a good strong earthquake shock, and you know how sorter weakly that makes you feel. Well, this gave me just such a feeling as I've had in earthquakes; and this just didn't let up in a little while, as the first two did, it just kept right on a whirlin' and a blowin', as if it wasn't ever goin' to let up. It blew me over the snow like a feather, but, as luck would have it, it didn't take me up in the air as I've heard it does take men sometimes; I lodged against an uncommon high pile of snow, and there I lay, nearly frozen to death. I was havin' a regular hand-to-hand fight with the storm, when all of a sudden the cloud of snow that was over me sorter tore in two, and I could see a house, or a part of one, half tipped over, and not a dozen rods away from me. I knew in a minute that it must be the little house that Lem and I had seen off on the sky-line."

"O—h—h!" cried "Skep" Thompson. "Le's see! that house was six miles off at last accounts."

"I don't care!" insisted Tim, stoutly. "When that snow-cloud sorter broke I could have thrown a stone, if I'd had one, and hit that house, weak as I was. It was seein' that that roused me up. It really seemed to give me courage, and I crept along toward it on all fours. Such a hash as there was! There were pieces of a pigsty and a hen-coop; and, as true as I live, if there wasn't part of a baby's cradle!

"'Lord!" thinks I, 'where's the baby? Can it be that father and mother and children have all been killed?

"I managed to get up alongside of the hen-coop, and there I had to stop. It seemed as if I lay there an hour, though likely it wasn't half as long as that. My ears were full of a ringin', and my eye-balls, and all of me, for that matter, ached so with the cold that I felt as though I would rather die than not—when, all of a sudden, as I was a lyin', stupid-like, side of the hen-coop, the wind stilled down a little, and I heard a noise of cryin'. Then the wind come up again, and then there was another hush, and then come up that little wailin', baby's cry again. It *was* a baby's cry, and no mistake, and it did seem to me, even if I *was* all used up, as if I couldn't let a little baby die out in that cold without trying to save it. So I just gathered up all my strength, and tried to make for the noise. Two or three times I keeled over, with my eyes and ears and nose full of snow, though I had been tied up and bundled up fit to kill when we started out; but, at last, after I'd felt and felt around in the blindin' storm and darkness, I found her. She was a little thing, couldn't have been more than six months old, and her little dress was jammed in under the side of the house. It was a miracle she hadn't been jammed in there, too, but bein' so close under the edge was all that had saved her, for the house was stuck in so tight it couldn't move, and it sorter protected her from the storm. O, she was a white, pretty little thing!—not a scrap of a hood or anything on her head, her little thin dress a-freezin' on her, and her little baby hair all stiff with ice. She was 'most gone, I could see that, but I managed to undo my fur coat, and tear her dress out from under the house, and then I hugged her up and covered her as close as I could with the coat. O, but she was pleased! She snuggled down, that little thing! tight up to me, and sighed long, sobbin' sighs, and shut up her pretty little eyes, as quiet and contented-like as if she was taking a nice little nap.

"Then came the worst time of all, but the piece of the house that jutted over us stood firm. I don't know how long this lasted, for it took my senses clear away. There seemed to be a noise in my head like twenty locomotives all lettin' off steam at once, and that was the last I knew. I reckon I never was so near the Valley of the Shadow of Death I was just then."

Tim paused a moment, mopped his face vigorously, and resumed.

"But that last clap was the end of it, and I seemed to come to after awhile, with a sound of singin' somewhere near me. I started a little before I thought of the baby, and then I felt her lyin' heavy and cold inside of my coat.

"'Wake up, little kid!' says I. 'The storm's gone down and here we are. May be we'll find your folks, but if we can't, your Uncle Tim'll look out for you. Wake up!'

"I kissed and kissed her little face, and it was growin' lighter and lighter, so that I could see how pretty and sorter tender-like she looked; but she never moved. Her heart had stopped beatin'. The poor little thing was dead."

Tim stopped again—this time to wipe his eyes; and some of his auditors were suspiciously busy over their own.

"But the singin'?" said one, inquiringly.

"Yes, I was goin' to tell you about that singin'," continued Tim. "I kept a-hearin' it and a-hearin' it, and finally I laid the baby down, careful-like, under the edge of the house, and went huntin' around for thet singin'. The sky was as clear as a bell now, but I could see the snow-cloud whirlin' along down the prairie, and I knew they were ketchin' it further on. I peeked into the house, but that was pretty much broke up. The whole thing had separated, so far as I could judge, into two or three parts, and it didn't take me long to see whoever that was singin' wasn't in there. I poked along—I reckon it was in a crazy sort of way, for I was about dragged out—when, all of a sudden, I came to the top of a big hogshead. It was planted sorter sideways in the snow, and packed in hard as a rock. A little piece was smashed out of it near the top, and the nearer to it I came the surer I was that the singin' came out of that. I peeked in at the hole, and, sure enough, there was a little boy, all muffled up in a bed-quilt, and he was singin' away as chipper as you please. I saw in a minute that the hogshead had come down on him as he had been lyin' or a-crouchin' down on the snow."

"O, come now!" drawled "Skep" Thompson, with the air of a man who has borne all that could possibly be expected of him, and refuses to endure anything further.

"It's a fact," went on Tim, inflexibly. "It sounds big, but it is as true as preachin' that that hogshead had come down on that little fellow and been drove into the snow too deep to be moved again, and there, covered up with his bed-quilt and under that hogshead, that little chap had stood it through all of that storm. I wish I could think what it was he was singin'—an old tune. Maybe you'd believe me if I could think what it was. It's a Christian tune, too. Queer I can't think of it."

"Awful queer," said "Skep" Thompson, with an incredulous laugh, in which some of the others joined.

"It wasn't," began the Hardaway boy, with some agitation—"it wasn't like this, was it?" and he lifted up a pure boyish voice in two lines of the old hymn—

"Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid."

Tim stood listening to him in a speechless transport of amazement.

"It was, though!" he cried enthusiastically, as the boy concluded. "Why, were you—it cant be—how did you happen——"

"Yes, but I was, though," said the boy, his face flushed, and his voice shaking. "I thought I knew what you were talkin' about, all along, but I thought I'd wait till you got through before I said anything. Our hou-e was blown away just like that in Dakota ten years ago this Christmas. My little sister was killed, but my father and mother were saved by crawling into a hay-stack that had got stuck in a drift, and a hogshead fell on me, in just the way you told about, and saved me. I remember it all—well. There was a man there who dug me out, and you must be the man."

"I never!" "Have to give in!" "Beats all!" cried the men, in astonished chorus.

"You can ask my mother, if you don't believe me," said the boy. "I reckon she believes him, now."

They turned toward the place where Mrs. Hardaway had been sitting, but, unobserved amid the excitement of the last few moments, she had fallen on the floor, apparently overcome by the recollections induced by Tim's realistic recital, and there she lay in a dead faint.

"Fisherman" Tim's truthfulness was vindicated at last.—*Kate Upton Clark, in Christian Union.*

AN UNLUCKY PROPHET.

How an Italian Seer Was Treated When He Prophesied Falsely.

An Italian "hermit" has recently experienced in his own person the wisdom of the maxim which runs "never prophesy unless you know." This "hermit" had somehow or other acquired the reputation of being able to divine the future, even to the foretelling of the numbers which would win peizes at the next lottery draw. Upon being consulted by a farmer of Avellino named Tozzi, the hermit had the imprudence to select three numbers, and it unfortunately happened that when the draw took place these numbers all won prizes. This fact soon became known, and the hermit's modest cell was besieged by the whole population of the district, who believed that at last the philosopher's stone had been discovered. But the hermit's good luck was not destined to be renewed, and after the peasants had been reduced to beggary by "following" the holy man's "tips," several of them determined to have their revenge upon him. Tozzi, the man who had won in the first instance, but had lost all his winnings back with heavy interest, took the lead in this conspiracy, and the hermit was entrapped into a lonely house, where several of his victims had assembled. They proceeded to break both his arms with an iron bar, placed him in an empty cask, and took him into the house of Tozzi himself, where he was locked up in a barn and had his wounds roughly dressed by a village barber. Altogether he remained three months in captivity, with nothing but straw to lie upon, and little to eat, and he would probably have died in the barn if chance had not put the police on the track of his persecutors, ten of whom have been arrested and are about to be tried. It is fortunate for the sporting "prophets" at home that failure does not entail such consequences as these.—*London News.*

—Roller skates were invented by that very ingenious man, Gabriel Ravel, of the Ravel Pantomimists, and "The Skaters of Wilna" performed at Niblo's Garden over forty years ago. A smart Yankee by the name of Plympton caught on the idea, and somehow not many years ago got out patents here and in England for them and realized a fortune. As far as I can see and remember there is not the slightest alteration from Gabriel's original skate.—*N. Y Graphic*

BIBLIO-KLEPTOMANIACS.

"Respectable" Thieves Who Make Specialty of Literature—A Taste for Title Pages.

"If I find you stealing my books again, I'll have you locked up. Get out, now, quick! and don't let me see you in here again."

The speaker was a bookseller, who thus addressed a nicely dressed, venerable looking old man.

"Steal it? Why, bless you, of course he meant to steal it," he said. "We have those fellows come here so often and carry off our books without being caught, that when we do catch them at it we want to call the police, and I suppose we ought to do so, but we don't. We find so many people who are thoroughly honest in other respects, who will steal books, that we are apt to become suspicious of everybody after being in this business awhile. Why, only a short time ago a clergyman was arrested right here in Boston for book-stealing. You don't hear of all the cases that we do, for, you see, when we catch a party stealing he is always anxious to pay for the books and hush up the matter. Do we settle in this way? O, yes, we let most of them go, although I suppose we should prosecute them. But then it takes a good deal of time and trouble to bother about the courts prosecuting. I have seen all kinds of people come in here and steal books. Indeed book thieves are almost always of the so-called respectable classes, for the ignorant "lower class" don't take interest enough in books to know their value. The poor ones that are caught are arrested, convicted and branded as thieves, just as if they had stolen a loaf of bread or a pocket-book, the ones that have a good enough social standing to get them out of the scrape are simply "bibliomaniacs." It's apt to make one cynical and lose all confidence in humanity when he finds such cases.

There are several classes of people that steal books. Some steal the whole books, while there are others who only have a mania for fine plates and engravings. I have known numerous instances of parties who stole simply the title-pages of rare and valuable books. Indeed, I have seen one or two bound books made up entirely of those precious title-pages. Thus taking out the title-page from an ancient work of course makes it worth very much less. Let me find a cheap old book and I'll show you how they do it, if you don't know."

The dealer picked up a dilapidated pamphlet and a piece of string. Wetting the string, he opened the pamphlet and placing the wet string between two leaves, he closed the pamplet tightly again for a few seconds, after which he drew the string quickly out. Opening the book, the pages at the place where the string had been placed were quite easily removed, and without the noise of tearing.

"Now, you see how they take out engravings, title-pages, etc. By the way—speaking of this mania for stealing title-pages, I ought to tell you that in London there is a man (in the British museum, I think he is), who has considerable to do making title-pages for old books that are mutilated in this way.

"Another trick that book-thieves make use of is to have extra pockets made in their coats. Of course, when we find these fellows with extra pockets, seemingly made for the purpose of making book-stealing a business, we have no pity on them. We just hand them over to the police, but there are very few who go to work systematically to steal books. A good many who buy light literature at news depots, it is said, roll two books together and carry them when they have only paid for one."—*Boston Globe.*

SLEEVES.

The Fashions in These Feminine Adjuncts as Indicated in Metropolitan Journals.

Sleeves have undergone no change for high-necked dresses. For evening, however, they are made in several ways. There is the mere strap, fermed of the ruching, or band of flowers which trims the neck of the Grecian bodice and which requires an arm of marble to do it justice; then there is the fichu sleeve, which looks like a tiny handkerchief puffed over the shoulders and fastened at each side of the armhole at the top of the bodice. This sleeve is intended to match the chemisette or tucker under the dress bodice. A third sleeve is a half sleeve of white or black lace, according to the color of the dress. This sleeve forms two vandykes, which are buttoned together over the arm, thus covering only the under part of the arm. It is most becoming. Then comes the armlet sleeve, which has the usual shoulder-strap and a second band midway between the shoulder and elbow. And, finally, there is the epaulette sleeve, with the epaulette made of bows of ribbon, or lace, or fringe.

Accordeon plaiting bids fair to be very popular for both walking and home dresses this spring. It is one of those fashions which startle at first and then become universally in favor at their second appearance. Train skirts are even being accordeon plaited and they are extremely pretty.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Sweet Things.

"Sweet things are very bad for you, dear," said a fond mother to her little six-year-old boy, who had the end of a fast waning stick of candy in his mouth.

"And is sweet things bad for papa, too?" asked the innocent child, releasing the stick from his mouth for only an instant.

"Yes," said the mother

"I thought so," replied the boy, as the last end of the stick disappeared.

"Why did you think so, my boy?"

"Because he always goes out when you begin to sing 'Sweet Violets.'"

If that boy lives he may manipulate the bones some night.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

—All the Massachusetts towns and cities are obliged to give school books and other supplies to the pupils free.—*Boston Post*

—The recent death of a citizen of Jamesburg, N. J., from blood poisoning is attributable to a wound received during the rebellion.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—The husband and son of Mrs. Laura Mellick, of Staten Island, were sent to an insane asylum two years ago. Recently Mrs. Mellick and two other children, son and daughter, were also adjudged insane, and the whole family is now in the retreat.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—The professional sword swallower does not pursue his business, as is supposed, with impunity. A sword swallower recently died of hemorrhage in an English hospital, and the medical opinion seems to be that all of these men trifle with and shorten their lives.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—A young woman in Scotland recently, who had been discarded by one sweetheart, married another one and then brought an action for breach of promise against the first. The magistrate before whom the case was tried refused to grant the request of the young lady for damages.

—Capt. J. G. Bourke, U. S. A., of Gen. Crook's staff, at Whipple barracks, in a letter to a friend in Omaha, says: "I have been very busy preparing a lecture entitled 'With General Crook in the Sierra Madre,' which I inflicted upon the unfortunate people of Prescott the other night. You ought to have heard the snoring. Half the audience was asleep in twenty minutes. When I stated that I would not detain them longer the applause was deafening."

—The largest vacuum-pan ever constructed has been made for a San Francisco refining company. It is a pear-shaped vessel, made from sections of cast iron. It is seventeen feet in diameter inside, reaches a height of over forty feet, and will weigh 140 tons when empty. It will boil 100 tons of sugar at once. It contains sixty coils of four-inch copper pipe, arranged in the form a hollow inverted cone, providing 3,000 square feet of heating surface.

—Two young men of this town were taking a pleasant stroll the other evening. A dog suddenly appeared and came rushing toward them. The cry "mad dog" was uttered by both, and they separated immediately. One scrambled up a tree, and the other stretched his legs, and he has long ones, too, for home. The dog followed in pursuit; the faster the youth ran, the faster came the dog. It was nip and tuck, and the speed of both increased to the utmost. The youth finally reached the front gate, rushed in and closed it. He turned round with a satisfied air, and found that it was his own dog which had been chasing him in sport.—*Hinesville (Ga.) Gazette.*

BURNABY.

How the Distinguished Litterateur Met His Fate at Abu-Klea.

Colonel Burnaby himself, whose every action at the time I saw from a distance of about thirty yards, rode out in front of the rear of the left face, apparently to assist two or three of our skirmishers, who were running in hard pressed. I think all but one man of them succeeded in reaching our lines. Burnaby went forward to the men's assistance sword in hand. He told me he had given to his servant to carry that double-barrelled shot-gun which he had used so well against the Hadendowas at El Teb in deference to the noise made in England by so-called humanitarians against its use. Had it been in his hand Burnaby would easily have saved other lives as well as his own, but they would have been English lives at the expense of Arabs. As the dauntless Colonel rode forward on a borrowed nag—for his own had been shot that morning—he put himself in the way of a sheikh charging down on horseback. Ere the Arab had closed with him a bullet from some one in our ranks, and not Burnaby's sword thrust, brought the sheikh headlong to the ground. The enemy's spearmen were close behind, and one of them suddenly dashed at Colonel Burnaby, pointing the long blade of his spear at his throat. Checking his horse and slowly pulling it backward, Burnaby leaned forward in his saddle and parried the Moslem's rapid and ferocious thrusts; but the length of the man's weapon, eight feet, put it out of his power to return with interest the Arab's murderous intent. Once or twice I think the Colonel just touched his man, only to make him more wary and eager. The affray was the work of three or four seconds only, for the savage horde of swarthy negroes from Kordofan, and the straight haired, tawny-complexioned Arabs of the Bayuda steepe, were fast closing in upon our square. Burnaby fenced smartly, just as if he were playing in an assault at arms, and there was a smile on his features as he drove off the man's awkward points. The scene was taken in at a glance—with that lightning instinct which I have seen the desert warriors before now display in battle while coming to one another's aid—by an Arab, who, pursuing a soldier had passed five paces to Burnaby's right and rear. Turning with a sudden spring, this second Arab ran his spear-point into the Colonel's right shoulder. It was but a slight wound—enough, though, to cause Burnaby to twist around in his saddle to defend himself from this unexpected attack. Before the savage could repeat his unlooked-for blow—so near the ranks of the square was the scene now being enacted—a soldier ran out and drove his sword-bayonet through the second assailant. As the Englishman withdrew the steel, the ferocious Arab wriggled around and sought to reach him. The effort was too much, however, even for his delirium of hatred against the Christian, and the rebel reeled and fell. Brief as was Burnaby's glance backward at this fatal episode, it was long enough to enable the first Arab to deliver his spear-point full in the brave officer's throat. The blow drove Burnaby out of his saddle, but it required a second one before he let go his grip of the reins and tumbled upon the ground. Half-a-dozen Arabs were now about him. With the blood gushing in streams from his gashed throat the dauntless guardsman leaped to his feet, sword in hand, and slashed at the ferocious group. They were the wild strokes of a proud, brave man dying hard, and he was quickly overborne and left helpless and dying. The hero's soldier who sprang to his rescue was, I fear, also slain in the melee, for—though I watched for him—I never saw him get back to his place in the ranks.—*Cor London Telegraph*